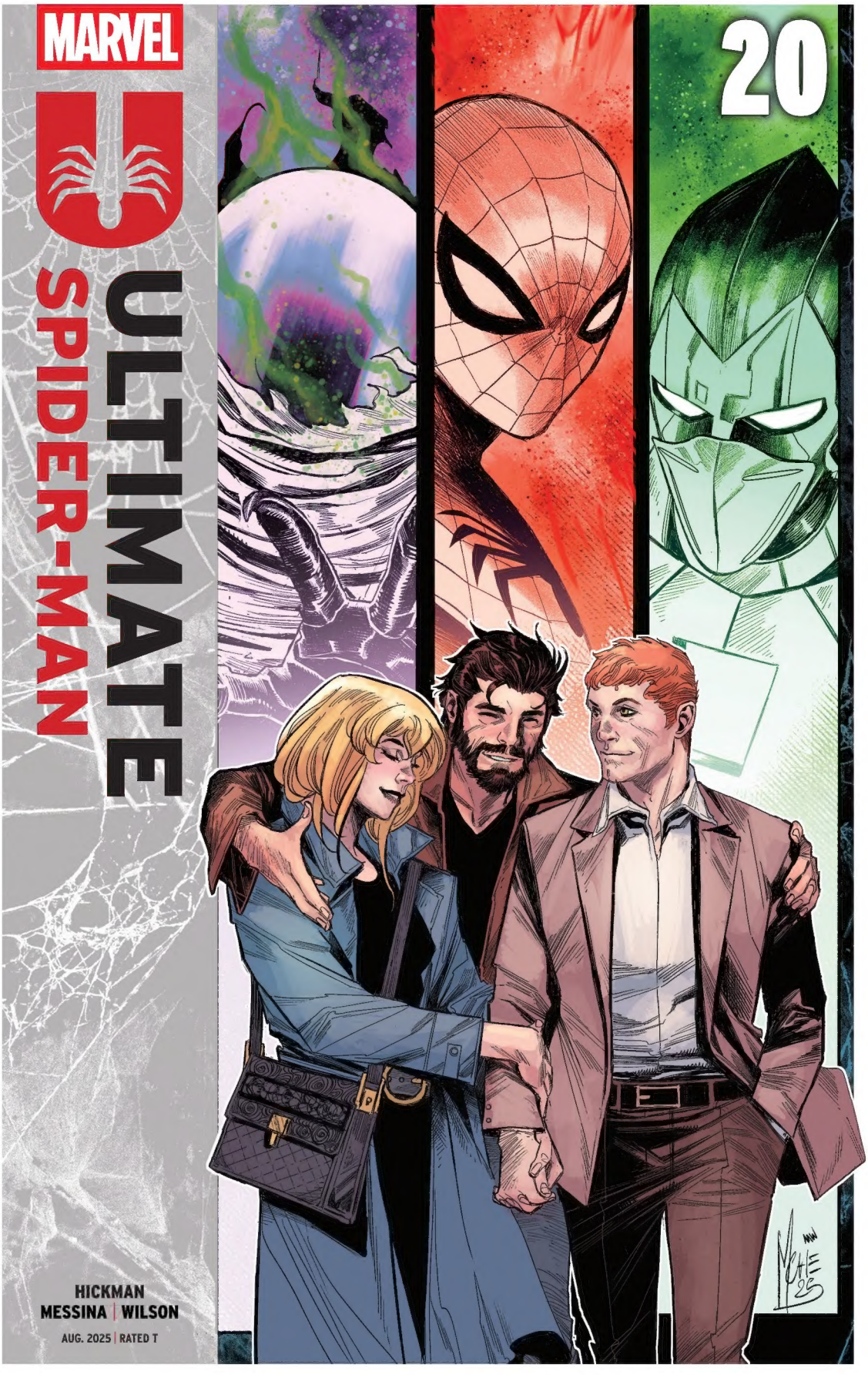
MARVEL
ULTIMATE
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HICKMAN
MESSINA | WILSON
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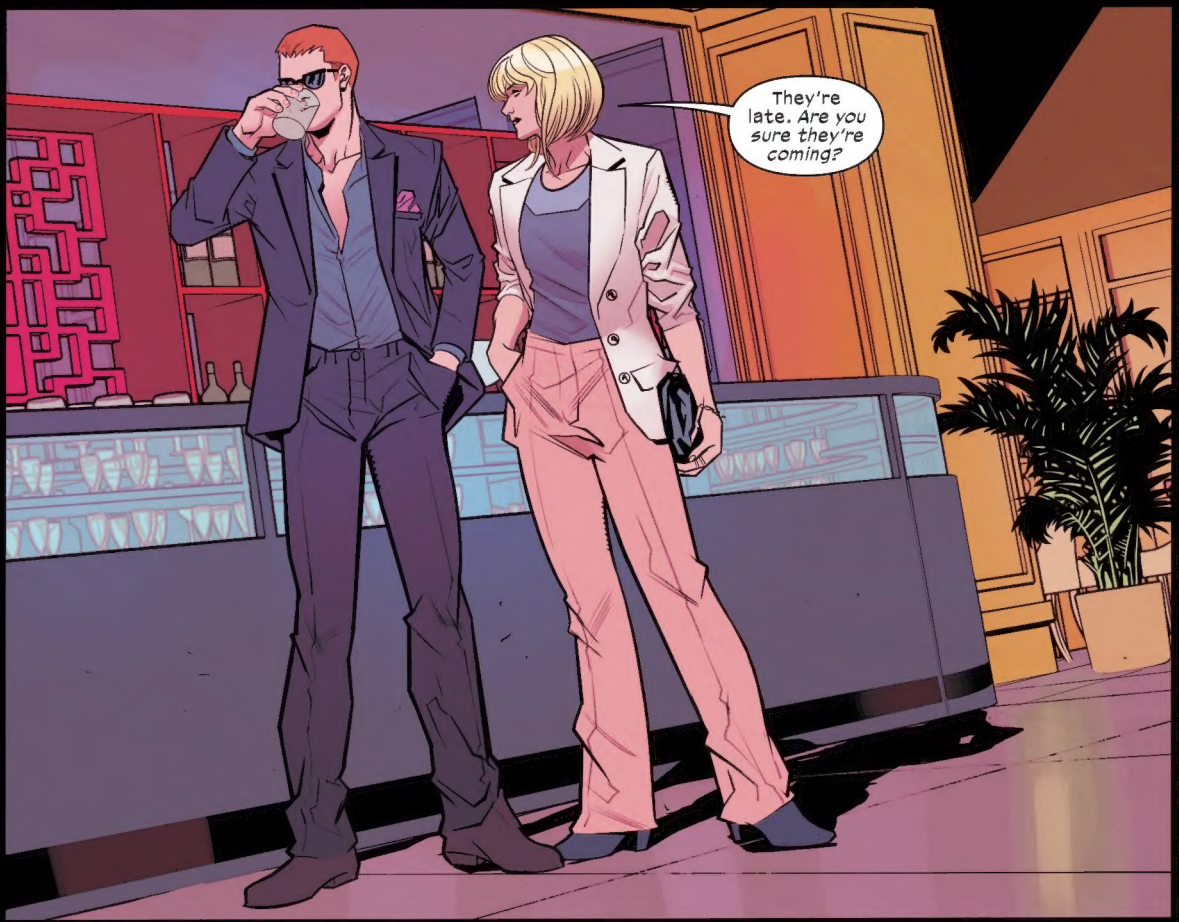
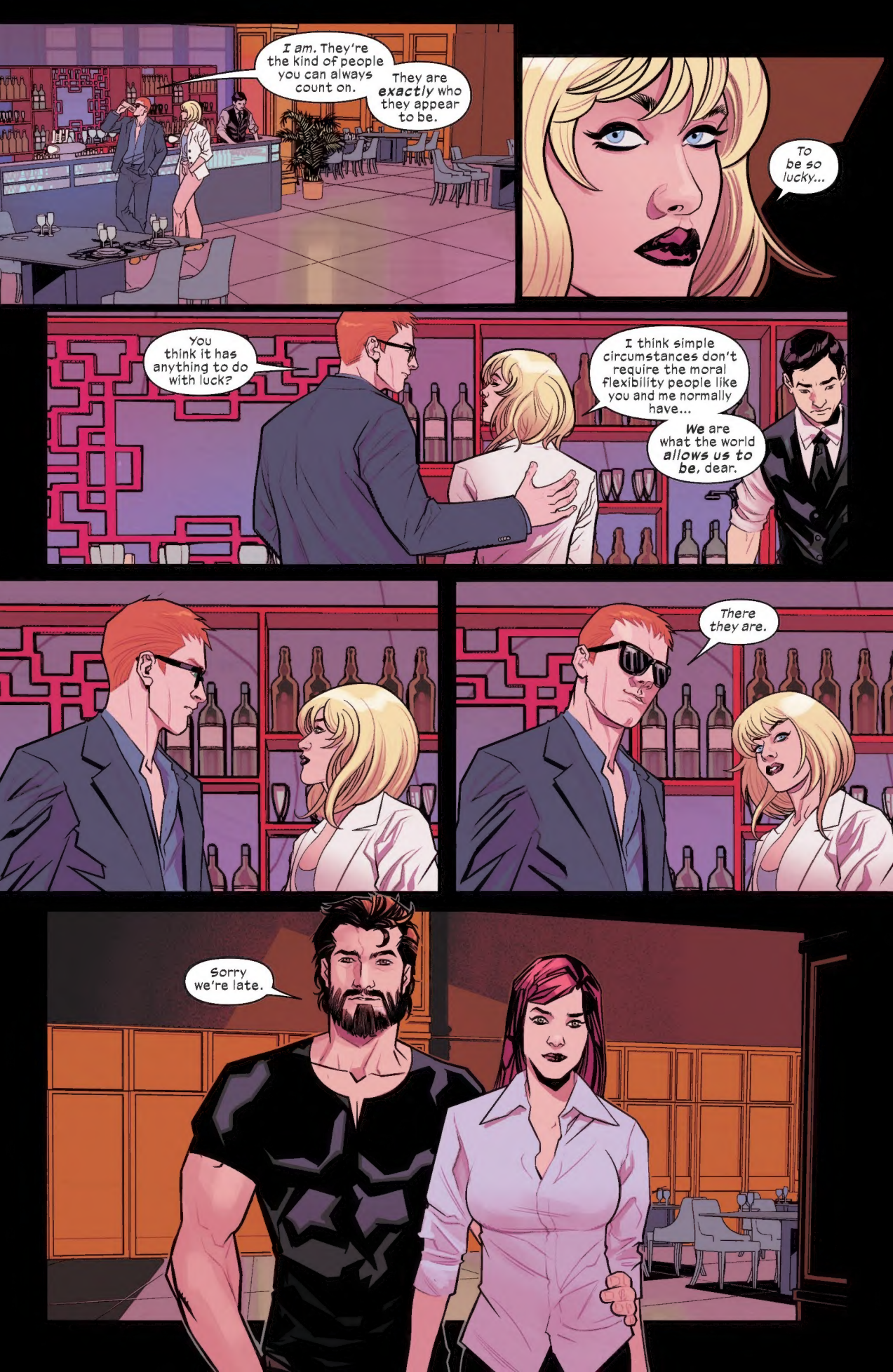
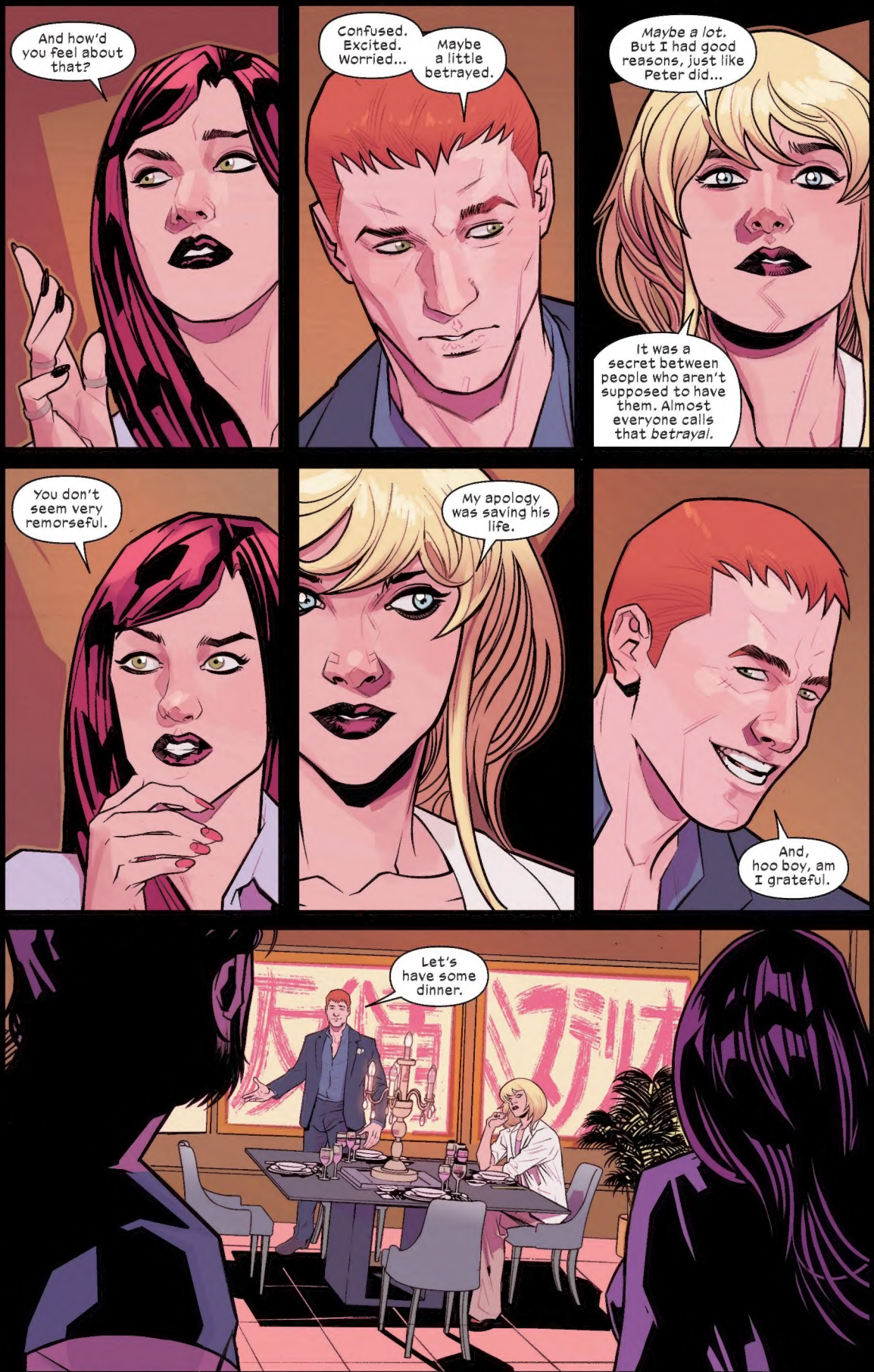


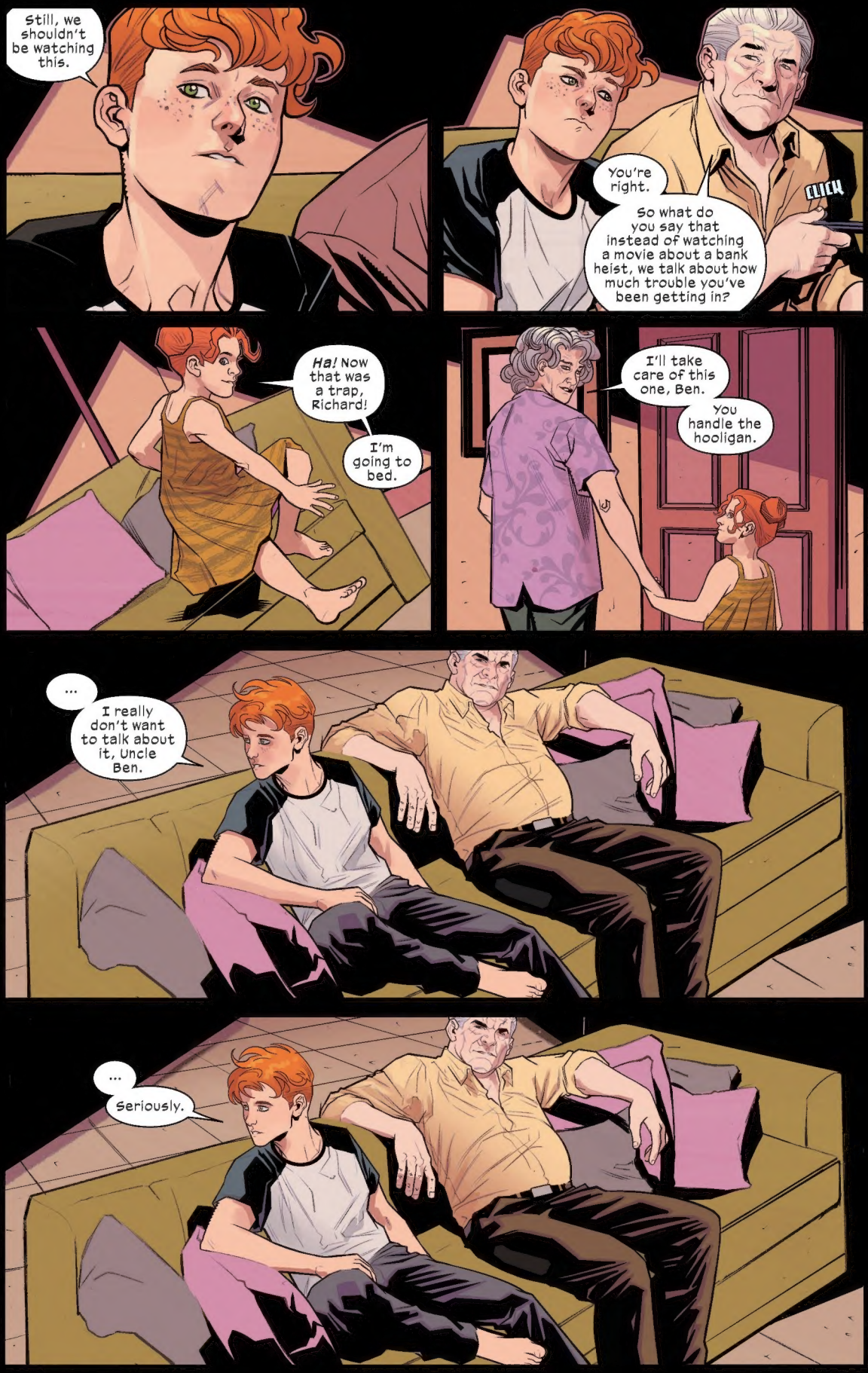

I am. They're the kind of people you can always count on.
They are exactly who they appear to be.
To be so lucky...
You think it has anything to do with luck?
I think simple circumstances don't require the moral flexibility people like you and me normally have...
We are what the world allows us to be, dear.
There they are.
Sorry we're late.

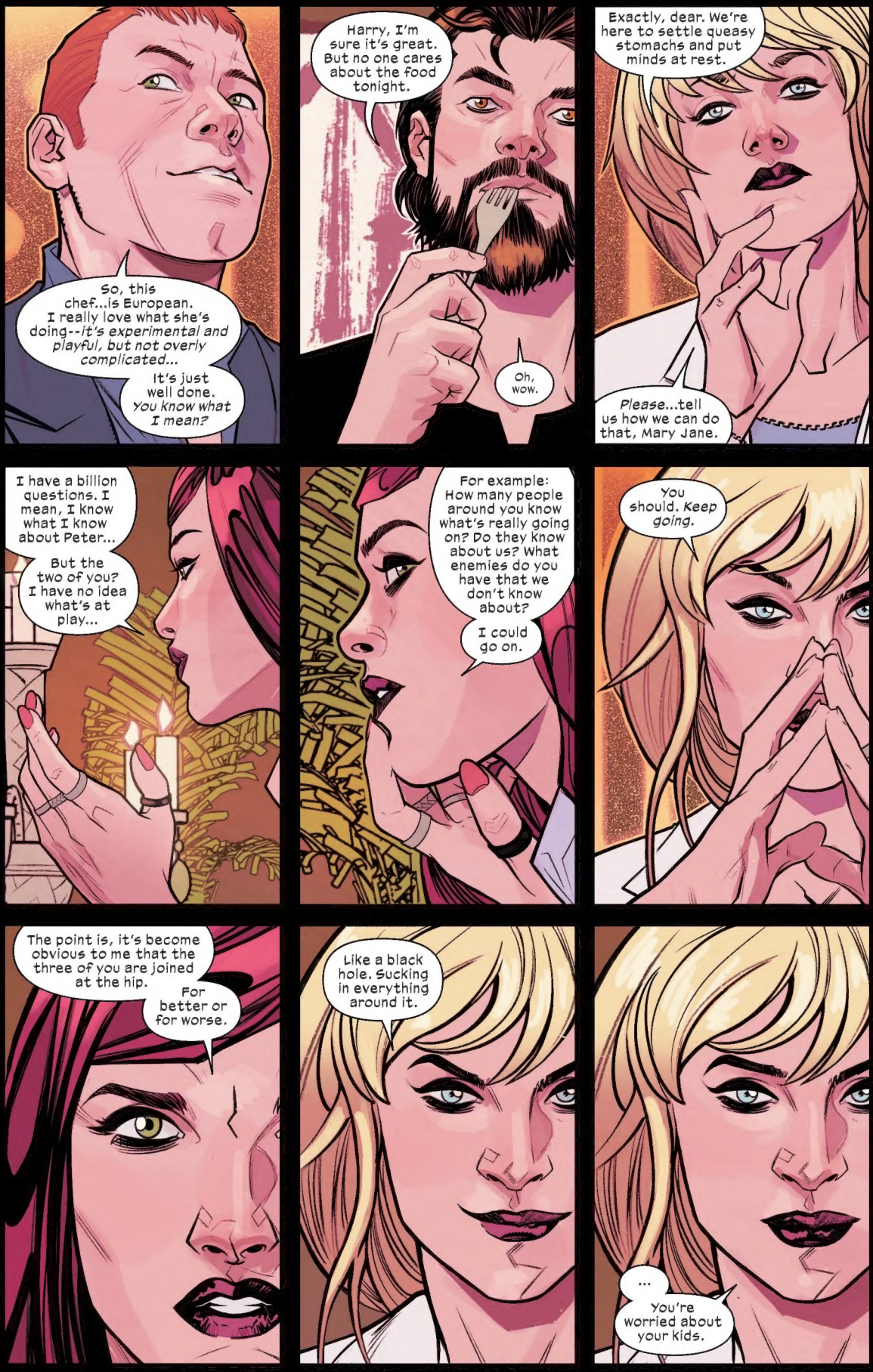
Don't think twice about it, Pete.
Huh. Where is everyone?
It's embarrassing, but we, uh, rented the whole place out and flew in a new crew to staff it.
Chef, waiter... everyone...
Because, you know...
...I can't have people finding out I'm not dead. So I'm in disguise.
Yeah, I almost didn't recognize you.
I know. I look in the mirror and I'm like, "Who is this mysterious and handsome man?"
You guys hungry?
More curious than hungry...
But sure.
Well, whichever it is you want...
...tonight you'll get your fill.
Pfft. So serious.
Listen, we're in the back, away from the windows and prying eyes.
But trust me, MJ...you're gonna like everything on the menu...

And on that menu...
...is whatever you want. No secrets, no lies...
Whatever you want to know, we'll tell you.
So we're really doing this?
Yes.
Last time we had dinner, all of you knew exactly what was going on...
...and I was the only one who didn't.
Hey. I told him to tell you.
Such a good friend.
I did. I told him, and the hilarious thing is that--little did I know--you and I were actually in the same boat.
Your husband had a secret...my wife had a secret...

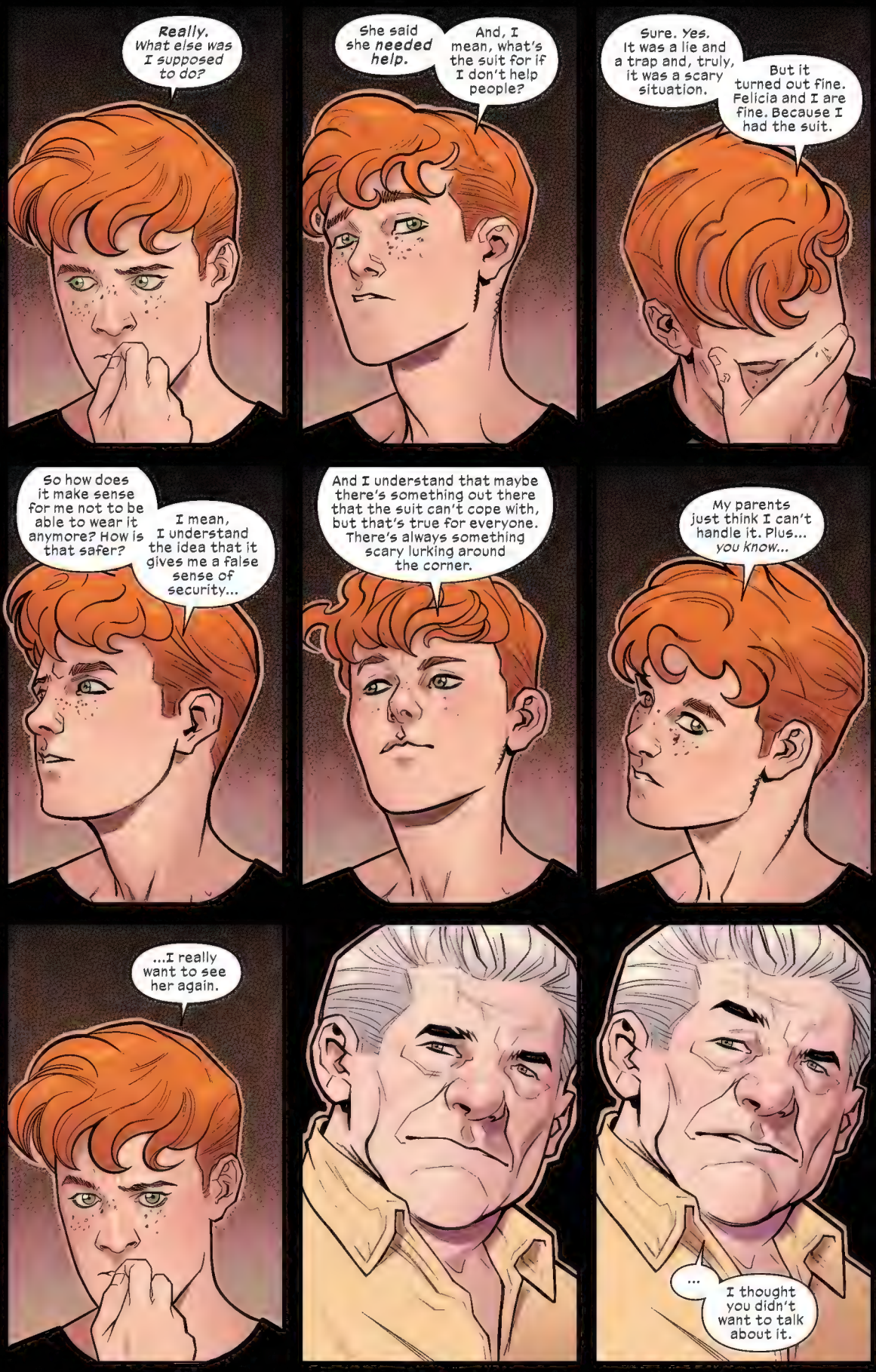

And how'd you feel about that?
Confused. Excited. Worried...
Maybe a little betrayed.
Maybe a lot. But I had good reasons, just like Peter did...
It was a secret between people who aren't supposed to have them. Almost everyone calls that *betrayal.*
You don't seem very remorseful.
My apology was saving his life.
And, hoo boy, am I grateful.
Let's have some dinner.

Have you seen this one?
I don't really watch TV, Uncle Ben.
It's a movie, son.
Anyone want something from the kitchen?
No thanks, Anna. We're good.
The thing is... it's rated R and I'm not sure Mom and Dad would be cool with May watching this.
It's okay. May's asleep.
I'm not asleep. I just have my eyes closed.
super tight.
Ha! That was a trap... I really just wanted to know if you were asleep or not.


Still, we shouldn't be watching this.
You're right.
So what do you say that instead of watching a movie about a bank heist, we talk about how much trouble you've been getting in?
CLICK
Ha! Now that was a trap, Richard!
I'm going to bed.
I'll take care of this one, Ben.
You handle the hooligan.
...
I really don't want to talk about it, Uncle Ben.
...
Seriously.

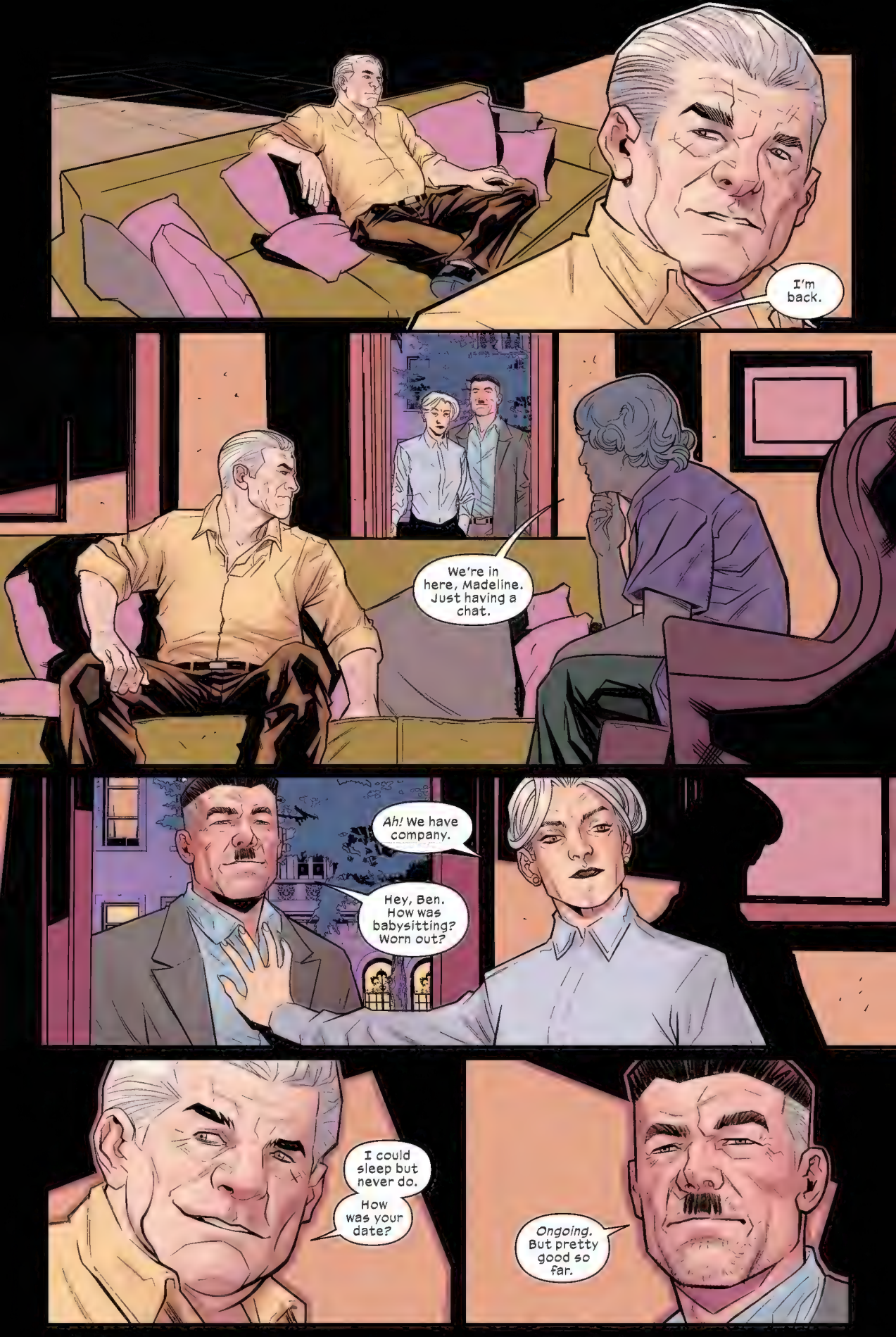

So, this chef...is European. I really love what she's doing--*it's experimental and playful, but not overly complicated...*
It's just well done. *You know what I mean?*
Harry, I'm sure it's great. But no one cares about the food tonight.
Oh, wow.
Exactly, dear. We're here to settle queasy stomachs and put minds at rest.
Please...tell us how we can do that, Mary Jane.
I have a billion questions. I mean, I know what I know about Peter...
But the two of you? I have no idea what's at play...
For example: How many people around you know what's really going on? Do they know about us? What enemies do you have that we don't know about?
I could go on.
You should. *Keep going.*
The point is, it's become obvious to me that the three of you are joined at the hip.
For better or for worse.
Like a black hole. Sucking in everything around it.
...
You're worried about your kids.

Of course we are. And about each other.
And the two of you, for the record.
Right back at you, buddy.
So that's the real question?
Not whether the battle is righteous or worth it...or if we can even win...
What you really care about is what it might cost.
Damn right I do.
But my problem with the way you're talking is, you act like you don't have anything to lose. That's terrifying to me.
It's true that I have less than you...but not nothing.
Like I said earlier, I betrayed a generational alliance for Harry.
And that's another thing. From the way that Peter explained it, you've been posing as a villain--*real or not*--the whole time.
You know it's more complicated than that, MJ.
And the thing is... everyone needs saving.
Everyone.


Really. What else was I supposed to do?
She said she needed help.
And, I mean, what's the suit for if I don't help people?
Sure. Yes. It was a lie and a trap and, truly, it was a scary situation.
But it turned out fine. Felicia and I are fine. Because I had the suit.
So how does it make sense for me not to be able to wear it anymore? How is that safer?
I mean, I understand the idea that it gives me a false sense of security...
And I understand that maybe there's something out there that the suit can't cope with, but that's true for everyone. There's always something scary lurking around the corner.
My parents just think I can't handle it. Plus... you know...
...I really want to see her again.
...
I thought you didn't want to talk about it.

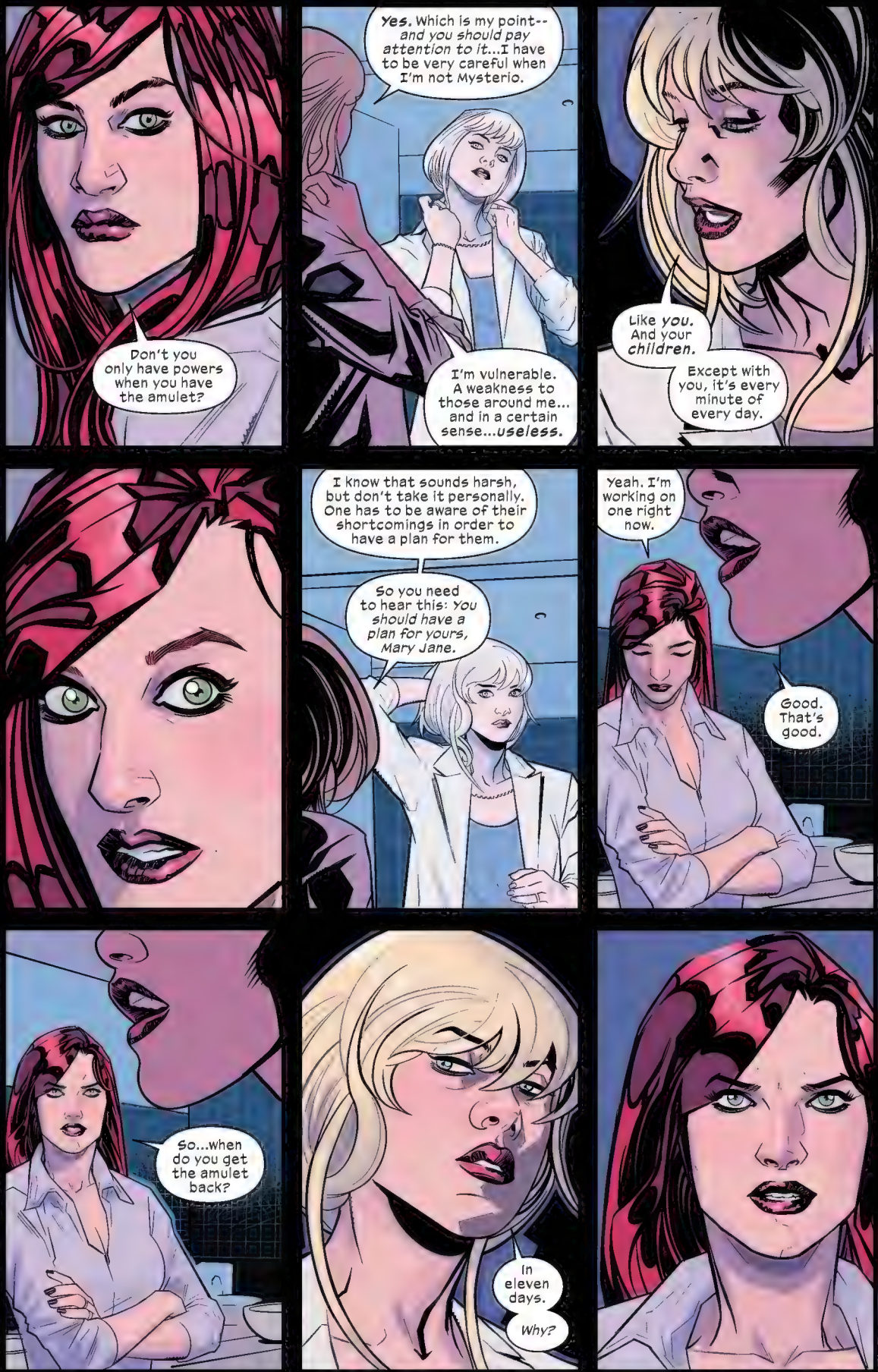
Look, I wish I didn't have to talk about this...
I really do.
But it's what keeps me up at night. It's what robs me of sleep and steals any peace that I have.
I understand that the three of you feel like you need to do this. That maybe it's what you were put on this Earth to do.
I get that.
I've tried really hard to accept that what you're doing matters more than anything else.
I've compromised and compromised. And every time I draw a line in the sand, I get pushed across it.
MJ...
No. I know you don't mean to. I know you're getting pushed across that line also.
But I never imagined it would go this far when it started.
I thought we could manage it.
I thought I could...
But the danger, the running, the secrets that could cost us everything...
Our children. Our children...
Where does it end?
When does it stop?

I'm sorry, MJ. I really am. It kills me to see you like this.
I hate it. But the only way *out* is *through.*
...
What does that mean?
That it only ends when we win.
...
I need a minute.
I want to thank the two of you--*from the bottom of my heart*--for how well you've handled this.
Really. ***Fantastic job.*** I'll be right ba--
No...
...it's my fault.
Let me, Peter.


I'm back.
We're in here, Madeline. Just having a chat.
Ah! We have company.
Hey, Ben. How was babysitting? Worn out?
I could sleep but never do.
How was your date?
Ongoing. But pretty good so far.

Actually, Jonah. I think we should call it a night. I'm pretty exhausted.
But you sai--
It just hit me. All of a sudden.
But thank you for a lovely time.
But I--
Night.
THUNK
Have fun?
Oh... I'm getting there.
Yeah. Okay.
I should probably call it a night.

I know that wasn't what you wanted to hear out there.
Bad messenger.
But that's because there's a huge difference between you and me. I had dreams and idealism beaten out of me years and years ago.
For you... that's what's happening right now.
What do you want, Gwen?
Peter. I don't think we can win without your husband.
He's stronger... faster... *just naturally better* at this...
When people look up and hope for someone to save them... it's him they want to see.
The problem is, he has an innocent view of the world.
A belief that everything is going to work out if you just do the right thing.
It's a **weakness.**
Everyone has a **weakness...**


Don't you only have powers when you have the amulet?
Yes. Which is my point-- and you should pay attention to it...I have to be very careful when I'm not Mysterio.
I'm vulnerable. A weakness to those around me... and in a certain sense...useless.
Like you. And your children.
Except with you, it's every minute of every day.
I know that sounds harsh, but don't take it personally. One has to be aware of their shortcomings in order to have a plan for them.
So you need to hear this: You should have a plan for yours, Mary Jane.
Yeah. I'm working on one right now.
Good. That's good.
So...when do you get the amulet back?
In eleven days.
Why?

WHAM!
"They've been in there awhile..."

...you think everything's all right?
Oh, sure. Gwen's a problem solver.
I bet they've probably worked everything out and are now on to something else.
And what would that be?
Economic policy? Shoes? Fairness? How would I know? They're in there...and I'm out here with you.
Oh. Here's a better person to ask.
Hey.
...
What happened?

You're a good man, Peter.
And you could be too, Harry...
But your wife...
"...she's gonna get everyone killed.

"And someone...
"...someone...
"...needs to do *something* about that."
TO BE CONTINUED...